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MAY-DAY ECHOES.

Reports of Several of the Demonstrations.

New York's Mammoth Turn-out and Clear Voice—Sparks from Syracuse, Boston, Clinton, Paterson, Greenpoint, Pittsburgh, Braddock, West Newton—The Demonstration in Pittsburgh Pronounced the Grandest yet held in the State.

New York City celebrated May Day on May Day in manner and style surpassing all its previous efforts on that date. An imposing parade, headed by Patrick Murphy, member of the National Executive Committee, S. L. P., and of the General Executive Board, S. T. & L. A., as Grand Marshal and closing with the D. A. 49, S. T. & L. A., division, started from the Labor Lyceum at 8:30 p. m., wended its way through the downtown West Side districts of the city—a region that had never before been paraded through—as far up as 36th street, and then moved eastward till it emptied itself into and filled the Union Square. There the mammoth assemblage was called to order from the main stand by Lucien Sanial, who in terse and impassioned language gave a sketch of the development and significance of the International May Day demonstrations. Barnes, of Philadelphia, De Leon, Hanford, Arthur Keep, Vanderport and Alvan S. Brown were the other speakers there.

The following declaration and greeting was adopted amid tremendous cheers:

The Socialist workingmen of New York City, in mass meeting assembled to celebrate May Day, are victorious in their fight against the capitalist class. The Socialist International, founded at Paris in 1889, is already greater than any single political aggregate of conflicting economic classes misnamed a nation. Every day adds to its strength and intelligence. In every country its class-conscious proletarian armies are victoriously marching to the conquest of the public powers. Its American contingent, numbering only a few hundred some years ago, was 82,000 strong at the full election of 1896, and at its present enormous scale the number will soon number a million.

Capitalism is doomed. With its "Anglo-Saxon," "Franco-British" and "Triple Alliance," with its insatiable class greed, its ineradicable class corruption, its murderous rule and violent class conflicts, it represents war, riot and despotism on a far more stupendous scale than the feudalism which it supplanted.

The 20th century is dawning. Away with barbarism! Onward to civilization! From the Franciscan to the Moscow, from the Czar to the Czarina, the cry is rising: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!"

Behind the main, there were three other stands on the Square, one more English, and two others from which addresses were delivered in the German language and the Yiddish dialect respectively.

The second English stand was located on the 4th avenue side of the Square. From there speeches were delivered by Hunter, Rosenblath, Wagner, Rothkopf, Collins and Wright.

From the German stand, located on the Broadway side of the Square, there spoke Paul Flaeschel, Peter Fiebigler, Adolf Jablonski and Rud. Grossmann.

From the Jewish stand, Dr. Halpern, Seidel, Feigenbaum and Lawn addressed a large crowd.

At a late hour this memorable demonstration broke up with loud cheers for the Socialist Labor Party.

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., May Day was celebrated on Sunday, April 30. A large audience gathered in City Hall and was addressed by Daniel De Leon.

IN BOSTON, MASS., May Day was celebrated by a large meeting, addressed by J. Mahlon Barnes, of Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 30.

IN CLINTON, MASS., a magnificent May Day demonstration was held on Sunday, April 30, with David Goldstein, of Boston, as the speaker. "The meeting was very enthusiastic. Comrade Goldstein's recommendation that Section Clinton instead of spending \$10 a month for an additional club room, expend the amount by sending THE PEOPLE for three months free to the citizens of this town until every one of the 11,000 citizens have had our party organ in their homes for at least a quarter of a year, bids fair to be adopted. We distributed 600 copies of the May Day issue of THE PEOPLE, which is the best way to kill all opposition to us. This is the opening wedge of our campaign. Comrade Kolnard speaks here May 27.

J. P. McDONALD.

IN PATERSON, N. J., a grand May Day rally was held with Maguire and Katz as the speakers.

IN GREENPOINT, N. Y., the Socialists celebrated May Day in Eckford Hall with Allan, Patterson and Felder as speakers.

IN PITTSBURGH, BRADDOCK AND WEST NEWTON, PA., imposing May Day demonstrations were held. The biggest of all was held in Pittsburgh. The celebration there was the largest and grandest yet held by the Socialists in the State. The miners came in from all parts of the District.

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HOW S. L. P. VOTES

Affect the Capitalist Press and Kindred Spirits.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., May 4.—The capitalist class and their henchmen of this city have, since the election when the S. L. P. elected 5 of its candidates and polled such a large vote, been acting as though sitting on a griddle over a hot fire.

First they blustered, then they taffied. Their bluster and their taffy is taken, by the unterrified, uncompromising comrades, for what it is worth—nothing.

The mouthpieces of capitalism, the daily papers, attempt to catch us with honeyed words, but it is "Nay, nay, Pauline," with the comrades.

When we had but 106 votes, the press said, in 1896: "Oh, they are all Jews"; when we had 414 votes, they said: "Jewish votes in our city did it"; Comrade Goldsmith, at the time, pointed out that there were only 86 Jewish voters in the whole city; since then that cry of the papers has been a standing joke, so much that one great big Hibernian shout yelled out from the street, after the news of the Socialist victory: "THANK GOD, I AM A JEW." Now, when we get 711 "Jewish votes" out of a total poll of 2,151, it would appear as though a great many "Wandering Jews" must have voted early and often.

The "Social Debauchery," through its collection of freaks in Hartford, sent a letter congratulating us on our victory, attempting to insinuate they were of our flesh and blood, supposing thereby to gain recognition. Our Organizer was instructed to return the letter with the endorsement that "we do not accept congratulations from labor fakirs." The first one of those American Socialists "that we catch here we will cage and place on exhibition as the only genuine American ever imported from Russia."

In New Britain there will be no going astray. Four years of work and trial for Socialism has left memories of struggles in the shape of scars on ourselves, and traces of care on the faces of our wives, that we will never forget. We will push the knife deep. Up to date several pigs have had cause to squeal. We have caused a stir in some circles that has given rise to bad odors in consequence. It makes quite a difference when the proletariat becomes the kicker instead of the kicked, and the advance guard of the proletariat in New Britain is now landing out some kicks that the capitalist class will find are but "love taps" in comparison to those handed out by the rest of the forces in time to come.

CHAS. E. PATRICK.

The work of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance in the Pittsburg district of the miners has been so effective that the local of the pure and simple could no longer pay rent and has to meet in private houses, while the S. T. & L. A. and the S. L. P. are going to build a hall of their own. The fakirs are on the run and the tollers are at last coming to their true friends: a year or two more and there will be a wonderful change in the State of Pennsylvania.

This interesting item of news comes from Wardner, Idaho, where the miners, starved out by Democratic and Republican, Gold-Bug and Silver-Bug stockholders, are on strike for better conditions:

"The detachment of Federal troops, that arrived here this afternoon to quell the miners' riot, comprises seventy-five men of Company M, Twentieth Infantry, under Capt. Bachelor. They carry fifteen days' rations and 2,000 rounds of ammunition. MANY OF THE SOLDIERS ARE VETERANS WHO FOUGHT AT SAN JUAN."

Thus we see the Spaniards and Filipinos are being used for dummies to practise on. In the conflict with these, "our soldier boys" are to be trained for their real work,—the work of shooting down the workingman in America. The fight in Cuba and the Philippines is not the real thing,—the real thing is the fight in America.

What workingman, whose ears can at all be reached by the Socialist propaganda, is there who on election day could henceforth cast his ballot for the political coolies of their capitalist employer and thus help enthroned either the Democratic or the Republican agents of the capitalist class.

Smash them both with the Arm and Hammer of the S. L. P. vote!

BOSTON MACHINISTS.

Boston Machinists, S. T. & L. A., was organized April 24, 1899, will meet the second and fourth Mondays of the month at Homestead Hall, 727 Washington street, Boston. All machinists are invited to join and roll up the membership.

W. R. DYER, Secretary, Olive Place, Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL CONTRASTS.

Which We Are Striving to Wipe Out.

Look at this Picture,

Bulletin of Luxury!

A DUEL OF MILLIONS

Two men of millions in a duel of dollars for the possession of a picture, raising each other's bid \$1,000 or \$2,000 at a time, was the exciting sport which an audience of other men of millions gazed upon in Chickering Hall.

The star performers were William A. Clarke, Montana's "Copper King," and George Gould, also one of an American style of monarch—the "Railroad King."

The audience that watched this duel for the possession of Fortuny's masterpiece, "The Choice of a Model," was made up of such men as Collis P. Huntington, J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and other noted figures in the world of finance.

"The Choice of a Model" represents a group, supposedly of artists, critically surveying a nude woman. It is only a small picture—32 by 21 inches—but worth much more than its weight in gold.

George Gould's last bid was \$41,000, and when the "Copper King" made it \$42,000 the son of Jay Gould withdrew from the fight. So the picture goes to the Clarke residence on Ninety-first street.

Collis P. Huntington gratified his aesthetic taste by securing Troyon's "The Lane" for \$13,700; Baudry's "Fortune and the Child" for \$6,500, and his "Breakfast in the Old Convent," \$6,900.

Other prices paid were, \$11,500 for Van Marcke's "Cows in the Valley Touques," also secured by W. A. Clark; \$10,700 for Zamacois's "Check-mated," by a dealer; \$9,000 for Meissonier's "End of a Game of Cards"; \$12,500 for Meissonier's "The Stirrup Cup"; \$12,000 for Troyon's "Cow Among the Cabbages," and \$15,000 for Leidl's "Village Politician."

The grand total of this Stewart collection was about \$400,700, an average of about \$3,136 for each picture.

Standard Oil certificates of par value of \$100 sold to-day in Wall street for \$400. The trust of which John D. Rockefeller is president is paying nearly forty per cent. dividends.

LUXURIOUS ELEVATORS.

Satin-Lined Cars Used in the Houses of Millionaires.

Little boudoirs on wings is the appropriate description given by an enthusiastic Frenchman of the elevators he found himself invited to enter on arriving in the very new and sumptuous houses of his American hostesses. In fact, so agreeable an impression did these elevators have on his receptive and appreciative Gallic mind that he is going back to Paris to preach the benefits the elevator will confer in the tall French houses. So far in Paris there is but one of these conveniences known, and that has been recently fitted into the splendid town residence of the Countess Castellane. In the great houses of our American millionaires the elevator is becoming the rule and not the exception, especially so at Newport and in New York City, where a foot of land is worth a small fortune, and the houses are rearing their heads more loftily every year.

The exceeding usefulness and beauty of the private elevator has never been more clearly demonstrated than in the great Astor mansion on Fifth avenue, especially when an elaborate entertainment is in progress. One of the chief beauties of this admirable dwelling is the grand staircase, that sweeps up from the very doors of the marble vestibule to the great hall opening on to the picture gallery. At night, when palms and candles shed alternate light and shade along the crimson carpet, silver rods, and carved balustrade, this is the very choicest spot on which to display gracefully gorgeous toilets. Therefore, when the women in their wraps and fur boots are set down under the porte cochère, they are led to one side of the vestibule, a gridded door slides back, and six at a time are ushered into the snug little elevator ever seen.

Its floor is covered with a velvet carpet of the warmest cerise tone, and, being octagon shaped, four of the sides are made of plate glass mirrors framed in gilt, and four sides are panels of gilded iron, wrought in odd shapes and partly filled with rose-colored glass, over which a spray of electric lights spring. By this device the interior of the car is filled with a tender, becoming glow that every woman keenly appreciates, as she does also the six comfortable seats the elevator contains and the fact that she was saved the necessity of parading in her wraps like a chrysalis up that splendid stairway.

A solemn young man in powdered head and court livery guards the electric lever and the travelers in the elevator, all of whom are landed on the third floor. There they are ushered into a dressing room, wraps are removed, toilets touched up, and the charming butterflies are ready to meet their male escorts and join the gay procession moving down the great stairway.

And then at This.

Bulletin of Misery!

WALKED MANY MILES.

The Smiths Journey from Hartford in Search of Work.

Joseph Smith, 30 years old, his wife Bessie, 27 years old, and their seven-month-old daughter, who had come here from Hartford, the man and woman walking and pushing a baby coach in which the little one rode, were applicants for assistance at the office of Superintendent of the Poor Brennan, Sunday, says the Bridgeport "Standard." The man and woman were tired and worn by their long tramp, but the little one seemed to be immune from the effects of cold weather, for it was strong and cheerful.

Smith and his wife, who could no longer pay rent because the husband had not had work for months, left Hartford at 9 o'clock, Wednesday evening. They were hungry and without means, and driven to desperation, decided to start out to look for a future home wherever the husband could find employment. They walked all Wednesday night and until 8 o'clock, Thursday morning, when they were given food at a farm house near New Britain. They had wandered off the route which they had intended to follow, and on being directed right they struck out for Meriden. Thursday night they were given food and shelter at a house on the outskirts of Meriden. The next day they walked the 18 miles to New Haven. It was some time before they secured a place to sleep, and it was late at night when they lay down to rest.

Saturday was spent on the road between New Haven and Milford. Before leaving New Haven the husband looked about for work, but could not find it. Saturday night, a farmer who lives near Milford took the wanderers in. Yesterday, they walked here, arriving late in the evening.

Superintendent Brennan provided for their wants over night, and Monday morning, they decided, after a long conference, that Mrs. Smith should go with the baby back to Cromwell, her childhood home, while Smith should continue to travel on in the hope of finding work at which he can earn enough to support them. Superintendent Brennan sent the mother and child to Cromwell on the 12:30 train. The parting at the depot was a sad one.

Smith said that while they were walking they suffered more from rough roads than from the cold. Very fortunately, the weather was clear all of the time they were traveling.

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Four Members of a Family of Six Found Dead of Starvation in Marlboro.

Last Saturday morning Edward L. Underwood moved his family from quarters in the old Cotting Building on Main street to a tenement house in rear of the Frye currying establishment, with approach from Chestnut street. The day was an exceedingly stormy one.

The family comprised E. L. Underwood, his wife, daughters, Olive and Frances, son Guy, grand-son John Clifford, and a boarder named Robert McMullen.

Olive was employed in the J. A. Frye shoe factory and worked therein until last Saturday night.

She was not at her work on Monday. D. A. Davidson, employed in the factory went to the house with some clothing to take Mrs. Underwood to wash, and found such a condition of misery and squalor that he reported it to Policeman Hartnett who visited the house. A gruesome scene awaited him—one which in way of misery, destitution and squalor would have made many an older policeman turn pale.

In the kitchen he found Mrs. Underwood, son Guy, and Robert McMullen all in a semi-unconscious state. In an adjoining room the most appalling spectacle which ever met the young officer's gaze was presented. Stretched on an old mattress lay the bodies of the father, daughters Frances and Olive and John Clifford, Olive's son, 2 years old, all cold in death. The bodies were covered with a very scanty supply of clothing and their personal attire was very limited. The unsettled condition of the household goods added to the picture of desolation and poverty.

"Two years ago, in Illinois, not far from the scene of the recent mining troubles, three hundred miners with their families offered to go into voluntary slavery for the rest of their lives to the mine owners, provided they were given food, clothing and shelter for so doing. To those who doubt this story I may say that a postal sent to the office of the United Mine Workers at Columbus, Ohio, will soon convince them. Of course the offer was refused by the mine owners, as the constitution of the United States forbids CHATTEL slavery, and the contract would not have been binding. The fact is that chattel slavery never paid the capitalists of America half so well as wage slavery does, and they would not return to the former system, even if they could."

"YUNEYUN WRECKERS."

The Conduct of Men Who Use the Union for Profit.

BALTIMORE, April 20.—A second "association" of pop-sucking sycophants who raise aloft an alleged banner of "labor" has been formed here—as fore-shadowed in my communication of April 9; this time, however, with the open and avowed purpose of endorsing the Republican candidate for Mayor, while the first one was to endorse the Democratic candidate. The Republican candidate is one of the largest employers of labor in the city, and "gives us work," is the slogan of these Iscariots of the working class.

The initial meeting took place April 13, and there was a great outpouring of those who already have City Hall jobs and those who want the jobs the other fellows hold. Consequently, there was great enthusiasm, the "ins" vying with the "outs" in their mad endeavors to show the "Mahster" that they, too, had influence with "Lay-bour."

But the "yuneyun" was on hand conspicuously. Whatever befalls in this campaign, the "yuneyun" is going to get it—in the neck.

Read the array of talent from "Organized Laybour," and judge for yourself what "Independent Polit-e-cal Axshun," "on trade union lines, too," means.

Below is a report, taken from a daily paper, of how it started:

Frederick Weber, of Cigarmakers' Union No. 1, presided, and W. C. Stintz, of the same union, was secretary. Joseph D. Stevens, a machinist, opened the meeting with a happy little speech, declaring himself to be an independent in political matters. "I came here in the interest of the workingman," he said, "and to let the people of Baltimore know that we don't agree with what those fellows at Rechabite Hall did last Saturday night. I am a workingman, and would not endorse any such action. How many men in politics or business have the moral courage that Mayor Mahster has? He is the man of the people. [Tremendous applause.] Why am I an independent workingman, speaking in defense of Mayor Mahster to-night?"

"Because you are an honest man," was the reply from different sections of the hall.

See how the "yuneyun" jumps into recognition? See how "the happy little speech" of the machinist fixes independence? The "happy little speaker" has an illustrious example to emulate in the person of Rueskamp, the other machinist who is now one of the "ins," with the important difference that the "happy little speaker" is one of the rank and file, mainly "rank," while Rueskamp was, at the time of "getting in his hooks," the "Press-e-dent of the Yuneyun." You see, the H. L. S. has a great handicap to overcome, consequently his "happy little speech." Mr. Weber of "Cigarmakers' Union No. 1, who presided," is another evidently obscure member of the skate tribe, but Mr. Stintz, the secretary of the meeting, has a title that ought to bring a plum or two his way. He is the "Secretary-Treasurer" of the "yuneyun." These are men who speak of "a solid phalanx" of labor, of "solidarity," of "stick to the label, it is our only Weep-on."

Let's take a look into these things, and see where the members of this Cigarmakers' Union stand on these toy phrases.

The Hayes (Democratic candidate for Mayor) fakirs, cleft THE Workingmen's Association, have announced, over the signature of their secretary, Gustav Mechan, a member of this same Cigarmakers' Union, a "great mass meeting in the interest of Hayes AND Good Government," at which the "following noted Laybour men will speak":

James Duncan, J. J. McNamara, Gustav Mechan, George Heath, James H. Sullivan, John W. Ringrose, Chas. A. Cullen, H. L. Elcheiberger.

All of this, with a single exception, carry a bulky title in the "Army of Laybour." But we are just now concerned with the cigarmakers only.

Thus we have members of the same "yuneyun" engaged in the sham battle of "Independent Polit-e-cal Axshun" for the benefit of their capitalist oppressors, while one of their own numbers, Theobald Meyer, a man who stands for Independent Political Action THAT MEANS SOMETHING, i. e., class-conscious labor political action, is a candidate for Mayor on the Socialist Labor Party ticket.

Weber, Stintz and Mechan are members of the Cigarmakers' Union. They are separated in two personal factions of the capitalist army. They stand for the election of either "the largest employer of labor" and, consequently, the largest exploiter of labor, or the man who drew up the City Charter, the man who placed property rights in the law above human rights. Both of these candidates are self-avowed capitalists. Conscious of their class interests, if elected they will stand for the capitalist class.

Now, I ask, who are the "yuneyun" wreckers? Meyer, who stands for union principles, for the interests of the working class as a whole, or Weber, Stintz, Mechan, et al., who stand for the political triumph of capitalism?

Tremble, ye Judas Iscariots, for the judgment of the future!

ARMAND HAMMER.

Keep an eye on your wrapper. See when your subscription expires. Renew in time, it will prevent interruption in the mailing of the paper and facilitate work at the office.

"YOU IS SLABES."

Key-Note to the Situation in Homely Negro Idiom.

The Cost of Conducting the Capitalist Government is an Incident of Capitalist Domination, and the Burden thereof, by Retributive Justice, Falls upon the Capitalist Class Slicing-off its Stealings and Reducing its Sources of Enjoyment.

On a plantation down South one Sunday in the summer of 1856, were gathered a body of slaves.

They were in a hot discussion over the question, of how much more of the good things of life they would have, if their master did not have to pay such large salaries to the Overseer, Lawyer, Business Agent, Guards, etc.

One old white-haired darky got off the following:

"I dess about tells you all its laike dis; Mar's Clark, he all right, but he done got to mek we uns work hahd, deyre ain no odder way. But I done tells yer, dat ef he didn't hab to pay so much to dish yer oberseer, an lyar, an bus'ness agen, he would let we uns hab a better time. Dats what I tells yer—den things cost a heap sight too much money."

A younger looking darky said, at this point:

"Dats all right, I knows, but Mar's Clark ain de bestest man you dun say he is. He doan care wedder we likes a better time er not. What I wants to displate about am dis, dat I bleeves dat ar overseer, an dat ar lyar, an dat ar bus'ness agen gets too doggone much money. Dats what he says—ef we didn't hab no oberseer den de boss wouldn't hab to pay one, den we wouldn't hab toe work so hahd, case den, de Mar's wouldn't want dat ar money. But Ise in favor of cutting down dier pay. We meks it all an ef dey doan get so much den we doan work so much. I say lets agertate for littler pay for dese yer oberseers, an gyards, an lyars, den we won't hab toe work so hahd."

Suddenly a voice was heard exclaiming: "Oh, go 'way nigger. What you talking bout?" All eyes were turned in the direction of the last speaker, who was a large strapping "buck." In a little while, seeming satisfied that he had attracted the attention of the crowd, he began:

"Dish yer ole nigger he say, Mar's Clark's all right; dish yer fool nigger, he say, dat alu so: den bofe niggers say dey works so hahd case Mar's Clark pays dem ar oberseer, an lyar, an gyards so much money. Go 'way niggers, you all's crazy; dats wat you is. You tink Mar's Clark goin to let you work any shorter time 'cause he doan hab to pay such big salary to oberseer's an what all? Go 'way: he keep dat hisself. Ya, you is niggers, Niggers, NIGGERS. Dats wat you is—you is slabes, dats wat you is. Wha for der he oberseers, ef you want slabes? Wha for der he gyards, ef you want slabes? Wha for der he lyars, ef you want slabes? You hear me? YA. You is fools. You is slabes; slabes need oberseers, nus hab gyards an lyars. Mar's Clark got toe pay for em, 'noderwise you all won't be slabes. You unnerstan me? What diff'ence it meks to you how much de oberseer gets? What diff'ence it meks to you how much dese yer gyards an lyars gets? Wedder dey gets little er big you is still slabes. YA. You is slabes. Wha for bodder 'bout how much it cost to keep you slabes?"

Just then the overseer rose in sight, and the meeting broke up. He left the workingman of to-day read "Capitalism" for "Mar's Clark"; "Government" for "Overseer," "Guard" and "Lawyer"; and put himself in the place of "Slave"—he is a wage slave—and he can readily see how little the question of the cost of "Government"—i. e., taxation—concerns him.

ARTHUR KEEP.

New York.

BOOKBINDERS' MASS-MEETING.

A mass meeting of bookbinders' manufacturing shops will take place at D. A. 49's hall, 475 Pearl street, on Friday, May 5, 8 p. m. Speakers: Henry Kuhn, Arthur Keep and Daniel De Leon. All manufacturing bookbinders are requested to be present.

The English translation of Karl Marx' "Eighteenth Brumaire," that some time ago ran through THE PEOPLE, is now to be had bound in an elegant volume of 78 pages, with Marx' picture as frontispiece. No Socialist, even though he be no student, and no student, even though he be no Socialist, can afford to be without it. Apply Labor News Co., 147 E. 23d street, N. Y. City. Price, 25 cents.

A third 5,000 edition of the pamphlet "What Means this Strike?" is now out. Its large sale is a gratifying sign of the times, and it is an evidence of the class of literature that is most useful and, consequently, best called for.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential)	2,068
In 1890	13,331
In 1892 (Presidential)	21,157
In 1894	33,133
In 1896 (Presidential)	36,564
In 1898	82,204

O Youth! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of Desire,
Our yearning opens a portal!
And tho' Age wears by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

MASSEY.

OUR MAY-DAY ISSUE.

The success of the May Day issue venture has been such that it deserves comment. It will be a source of gratification to our collaborators, of encouragement for the comrades and friends, and of instruction to all watchers of the times.

The salient points may be summed up thus:

1. The total May Day issue ran up above 112,000 copies; that is to say, exclusive of the regular circulation (11,650), there were received at this office, down to April 30, orders for over 100,000. From many a place, that had sent no orders, orders have since been coming in after the May Day issue reached the regular subscribers. Five years ago, when the May Day issue of '94 reached almost 15,000, the delight was great. The growth of the Movement since, may be somewhat gauged by this eight-fold bigger edition.

2. How the Movement has grown, to what extent the grow represents deeper roots and to what extent it represents wider branches will appear from the following groupings:

The biggest order came from the three Central Atlantic States—New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey—where the Movement is oldest. These States ordered, in round numbers, 43,000 copies, New York State leading with 26,000, of which 15,000 went into the city of Greater New York;

The next highest order came from the New England States, over 24,000—Massachusetts leading with 13,000, and Vermont being the lowest with 235;

Next in order comes the group of the Great Lakes States with over 10,000 copies—Ohio leading with 3,150 and Michigan being the lowest with 1,250;

The States of the Mississippi Valley come fourth with about 7,000 copies—Minnesota leading with 2,250, while Kansas ordered only 150;

Fifth in order are the States of the Pacific Slope with over 5,000—California leading with 3,500 and Oregon bringing up the rear with 100;

The group of Southern States comes next with orders aggregating not quite 4,000—Texas leading with 1,000 and Kentucky lowest with 100;

Seventh in this order are the States from the Rocky Mountains, over 3,000 copies—Colorado with the highest number, 2,200 and Idaho with the lowest, 200;

Finally, the Dominion of Canada, the youngest in our sisterhood, closes the line with 2,000.

THE PEOPLE'S May Day issue, both in point of its make-up and in point of the reception which it met is a historic document that marks the stage of the Movement in America at the time of the last May Day in the 19th Century.

POLITICAL and ECONOMIC.

The Pittsburg, Kans., "Tribune" of the 11th instant, yielding to an impulse of fairness gives the following report of Comrade Frank Jordan's struggle with the local Police: he struggling for free speech to enlighten the wage slaves, the Police struggling to shut the light off. It says:

Frank Jordan, the Socialist orator, was found guilty in police court by Judge Jernigan yesterday and fined \$5 and the costs of the prosecution. Jordan and his attorneys took an appeal to the district court. No one expected the police judge to do otherwise than convict. Small use to argue law and constitutional privileges before a police judge.

The testimony of the city's own witnesses failed to establish that there was any breach of the peace. The witnesses would not state that their peace was disturbed. The farthest they would go was to state that they believed that the address or lecture being delivered by the prisoner when arrested was not suitable for the Sabbath day.

The complaint did not charge that the offense was a peace disturbance because committed on the Sabbath day. It failed to mention the Sabbath.

Last evening Jordan delivered another lecture on the same corner and was listened to by several hundred persons. He alluded to his arrest and fined \$5 and then proceeded to make the usual Socialist speech. In itself the speech had nothing to tend to a disturbance of the peace. Yet it was in language and delivery the same loud,

holerous and excited speech as that delivered on Sunday afternoon and for which he had been convicted in police court.

If any there be who imagined "THE PEOPLE" was unduly severe when, in the issue dated last April 23, it pronounced the element that presides over the destinies of the "New Yorker Volkszeitung" as "wholly and hopelessly alien to the political atmosphere of our country," such a one must have been promptly disabused.

Within twenty-four hours after the issue of THE PEOPLE, containing the above charge, had seen the light of day, that is, on Friday, April 21, the "New Yorker Volkszeitung," reporting the trial of Quay in Philadelphia, published on its very front page the following bit of news, indeed:

It is considered a likely thing that PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WILL RESIGN IN FAVOR OF QUAY TO THE SENATE, seeing the Legislature has adjourned without electing his successor.

That the gentlemen of the "New Yorker Volkszeitung" should get tangled up in the taxation figures of Congress, and produce so scandalous an article as the one by which they blunderbussed themselves into the claim that the 55th Congress imposed a tax of \$100 a year on the average workman's family, may be explained on the ground of their approaching the question, as they do, with the crudest conception of the general question of taxation; that they should be taken in by the bluffs and false pretences of the American labor fakirs may also be explained on the ground of their infantine notions about unionism; true enough, both mistakes proceed, to quite an appreciable extent, from alien habits of thought, but that they should for a moment entertain the thought that the President can, under any circumstances, appoint the successor of a Federal Senator—that caps the climax, and illustrates how wholly and hopelessly, indeed, they are aliens to our political life.

Let none question the power of a right cause soundly planted; nor let any imagine that strength can nestle in error. Of these principles a recent striking proof is furnished.

The New York "Journal" is a numerous paper; it is a capitalist paper wielding a power of millions of dollars; and it speaks for a very numerous constituency—all of which the unthinking would consider to be elements of great power. And yet, look at that Goliath crouch:

A debate took place in Brooklyn on the 27th of last month between the Republican, the Democratic and the Socialist Labor Party. The "Journal" announced the matter. But how? This wise:

There will be a three-cornered debate between the Republican and the Democratic party and an INDEPENDENT CLUB (???)

A criminal on the throne of power cowering and crouching at the very name of him and that which his science and foresight tells him is bound to crush him, does not shiver and avoid the mentioning of the dreaded name more than the "Journal" does the name of the Socialist Labor Party, of the intelligent and class-conscious organization of the avengers of human rights.

Needless to say, the S. L. P. ("Independent Club") representative mopped the floor with both the political wings of the "Journal's" class.

In two preceding issues we gave extracts from Fred Long's witty and scathing article against the Single Tax in the "Molders' Journal." This third passage is among the most brilliant, as it is also among the profoundest:

Smith, 60. Brown, 40.

The above represents two farms, one worked by Smith, the other by Brown. Smith gets 60 bushels of wheat per acre from his farm, which, we'll say, consists of 10 acres—600 bushels per year. Brown gets 40 bushels from his. Observe that line of dots down the middle of the diagram. It represents the fence dividing the two farms. The right of ownership of that fence will strike you at first glance. You would not think that that rickety arrangement, built of pieces of slab and old poles, like the one in the picture, was of much importance. You would say, "What a nuisance! I'll bet, that that ramshackle affair marked out the path which civilization made for the benefit of the few. You wouldn't believe that that fence, 'pointed the way to industrial freedom,' would you? Yet, according to Mr. Moreland and Henry George, such a fence, if that fence, it is the dividing line between the interests of Smith and Brown. Only because it stands are we able to know that Smith has 2,000 bushels of wheat to year the best of Brown. And this 2,000 bushels of wheat is the land value, which, as between Smith and Brown, the Single Taxer proposes to take. 'For the benefit of the community' (I assume that Brown's land is 'the margin of cultivation'). If anything were to happen to that fence; if Smith and Brown were to take the notion to work their land together and pull down that fence, what would become of the edicts of eternal justice? We would not be able to ascertain the land value, hence the path of civilization and the way to INDUSTRIAL freedom would be lost forever. No fence, no freedom! Nothing but red-eyed sorrow and a dead march toward barbarism! The Single Taxer should lose no time in appointing a committee to see to the repair of all fences. If the fences fall, their occupation is gone.

To the Sections of the S. L. P.

The first of the supplements to the Socialist Almanac—No. 2, Vol. 1, "People's Library"—is now out and ready for shipment.

It is a handsome, 24-page pamphlet, the contents of which are:

I. Territorial Expansion, by L. Sanial.
II. Growth of Socialism in America (S. L. P. election returns).
III. A subject now foremost in the minds of the people and will receive attention if Sections see to it that the book is brought prominently before the public; namely, the political interest to all who take an interest in the development of the Socialist movement in this country.

The retail price of this number is only 5 cents, which makes possible a very extensive sale.

Address orders to the N. Y. Labor News Company, 147 East 23rd Street, New York, or to the National Secretary, HENRY KUHN, 184 William Street, N. Y.

DEMAGOGIC TAXATION POLITICS.

[This article appeared as the leading editorial on April 22 in the New York "Vorwärts," the German national organ of the Socialist Party, which is at the same time the weekly edition of the "New Yorker Volkszeitung," and, consequently, circulates very little in the city. THE ARTICLE WAS SUPPRESSED FROM THE COLUMNS OF THE DAILY EDITIONS OF THE "New Yorker Volkszeitung." And this deed is done by the editorial management of a paper who, with the invocation of "freedom of speech" on their lips, assert their right and duty, even in violation of their own constitution, that bids them uphold the principles and tactics of the S. L. P. to attack these same principles and tactics whenever, in their private opinion, such principles and tactics are erroneous. "New Yorker Volkszeitung," April 22, 1899, and that, by thus suppressing the voice of the Party in the daily edition of their paper, seek to render, and for the time being, succeed in rendering, the Party tongue-tied before the German element in this city.]

The Democratic leaders seem to believe that, in the approaching campaign, they will be able successfully to repeat the demagogic maneuver, which, at the beginning of this decade, aided them, at least partially, to their then electoral triumphs. The same as they then utilized the large appropriations made by the Republican Congress—the "Billion-Dollar Congress"—as an excellent means for the capture of votes, so, likewise, are they now seeking to make political capital out of the high taxes imposed by the late Congress.

The figures, upon which this agitation by Democratic speakers and papers rests, were put together, for the very purpose of this agitation, by Congressman Dockery, one of the Democratic spokesmen in the House of Representatives. In one of Dockery's speeches, published in the Congressional Record, he says:

The appropriations of the original "Billion-dollar Congress" amounted to \$1,625,680,100.94. The appropriations of this Congress reach the mighty aggregate of \$1,594,000,100.94. * * * The average expenditure for each year from 1870 to 1888, inclusive, was only \$300,704,701.81, while the average expenditure for each of the last ten fiscal years amounted to \$422,811,050.02. In other words, during the last decade the actual increase in the annual average of the expenditures has been \$122,106,407.21. The expenditures of the last ten fiscal years exceeded the expenditures of the preceding ten fiscal years by the momentous aggregate of \$1,221,364,672.09. This enormous increase of national expenditures is due to the fact that the House of Representatives during a part of the decade of from 1880 to 1889 * * * The time has come to reform the national expenditures. The reckless improvidence of arming the people, and of causing them to send Representatives to the National Capitol who will reduce the burdens imposed by riotous appropriations.

Whether, by means of their demagogic agitation on taxation, the Democrats will now have as much success in capturing votes among the workingman masses as, unfortunately, they had eight years ago, depends upon the educational work done by the Socialists. IT IS OUR TASK TO MAKE CLEAR TO THE WORKINGMEN THAT THEIR CONDITION IS NOT AFFECTED BY CHANGES IN CAPITALIST TAXATION POLICIES.

It suffices to contemplate the figures that record the variations in taxation for different periods, in order to recognize that the QUESTION OF TAXATION CAN, UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES, BE OF IMPORTANCE TO THE WORKINGMEN.

Below are the figures for the census years of 1860, 1870, 1880 and 1890; alongside of the totals of taxes raised, we place the average per head of the population:

Years.	Total Taxes.	per capita.
1860	\$53,187,511	\$1.89
1870	338,206,882	8.51
1880	310,322,952	6.00
1890	374,275,291	5.97

Now, compare with these, the statistical figures on the variations of wages, of the profits of capital and of the rate of exploitation (rates of surplus values):

Years.	Wages per worker.	Average profit per worker.	Rate of exploitation.
1860	\$288	\$303	120%
1870	377	491	130%
1880	440	575	130%
1890	445	535	120%

The theory upon which the tax-policiticians seek to talk the workingmen into feeling interested in the question of taxation is the claim that taxes are a pressing burden on the workingmen, and that the removal or curtailment of taxes would bring on an improvement of their condition. THE FIGURES PROVE HOW ABSURD THE THEORY IS.

The exploitation of the workingmen has been attended to by the capitalists with increasing success. The absolute mass of surplus value, which every workingman is robbed of by the capitalists, has risen from 1860 to 1890, by nearly \$200 a year. Relatively, the exploitation has remained the same, although the rate thereof has undergone more or less important oscillations.

What significance can the "burden of taxation" have, as against the sums that are squeezed out of the workingman in the shape of surplus wealth? What importance, in view of this, can the oscillations of taxation have, even if they are computed upon a whole family?

True enough, the rate of wages here-in given does by no means give an accurate indication of the real condition of the workingman. It does not indicate what quantity of goods can be bought for a given amount of wages; neither does it indicate to what extent the workers really get the rate of wages.

With regard to the so-called purchasing power, the tax-policiticians maintain that the same is reduced by the amount of taxes, in that the articles of consumption, upon which the taxes are levied almost exclusively, rise in price to the amount that they are taxed. After the above exposition, we do not even need to emphasize the fact that this result, even if it really occurred, is of no consequence to the condition of the workingman. The decline of taxation from 1870 to 1890 of about \$2.50 per capita of population had evidently not the slightest influence upon the condition of the workingmen. This is shown by the movement of wages and prices for 1880 and 1890. While the tax burden remained the same; while, accordingly, the purchasing power of wages suffered no change through taxes, the nominal wages rose, but still more so did also the rate of exploitation rise.

The notion that taxes, owing to their influence upon the purchasing power of wages, are of importance is, moreover, swept aside by that other circumstance, that modifies the nominal wages. The real condition of the workingman is determined by the relative amount of enforced idleness that exists at the time of any given rate of wages. For 1880, for instance, the wages must be reduced by about 25 per cent. in order to arrive at the real earnings of the workingmen, because the workingmen were employed on an average of only 9 months in the year. The real earnings would result in \$110 less than the average wage.

This factor, lack of employment, springs from the improvement in the methods of production, from the increase in the productivity of labor. This increase means, however, that the same quantity of goods contains less crystallized labor than before. When a merchandise contains less labor, that means that it has less value.

The perfection of the method of production produces lack of employment, just because it reduces the value of goods. The displacement of labor must, accordingly, go hand in hand with a sinking of values, and, along therewith, of prices. Capitalist development, that, with increasing tendency, increases the reserve army of the unemployed, can not simultaneously keep up values and, with them, prices.

Thus, accordingly, since 1870, prices have in general dropped constantly; they dropped even then when the costs of the Civil War no longer played a rôle, and when, after the greatest portion of the war debt had been paid off, the taxes were raised anew.

D. A. 49.

Banner Presentation by Affiliated Women Workers.

On Saturday evening, the 20th of last month, D. A. 49, Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, held a reception at the Progress Assembly Rooms, where the woman comrades, affiliated with the District, presented it with a beautiful red silk banner. The ceremony was simple and impressive.

At 10 p. m., the band of L. A. 1028 struck up the strains of the Marseillaise as the signal for the visitors to gather before the platform. At the close of the music, William L. Brower, General Secretary of the S. T. & L. A., introduced Katy Pryor, of the Shoe-workers, as the comrade appointed by the woman workers of the District to present the District with the new banner. As Comrade Pryor, holding the banner in her hands, stepped forward a loud burst of applause broke out. Addressing the District Master Workman, Daniel De Leon, and the comrades in front, Comrade Pryor said:

"DISTRICT MASTER WORKMAN AND COMRADES:—I have been selected by my associates of the Committee of Ladies affiliated with D. A. 49 to present you this banner, recognizing as we do that D. A. 49 is foremost in that great class-conscious movement that is making such tremendous strides throughout this country. Myself and associates, District Master Workman and Comrades, feel assured that you will always hold proudly aloft this banner as a rallying point for the unorganized and disinherited wage workers of this country until such time as the emancipation of our class (the wage working class) has become an assured fact through the combined efforts of that class-conscious organization of workers as enunciated by the economic end of our movement, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, and that great international political body, the Socialist Labor Party of America."

"I am proud to present this banner to you for D. A. 49, and I wish yourself and associates good luck and success." (Loud applause.)

The District Master Workman accepted the banner saying:

"COMRADE PRYOR:—It is with great pleasure I receive from the woman workers of D. A. 49, through your hands, this beautiful gift and expressive token of D. A. 49. "COMRADES:—It is often said a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And yet the unimportance of a name, implied in the adage, certainly has its limitations, its exceptions. The name 'D. A. 49' is an illustration in point. Since first founded, now nearly seventeen years ago, a certain leading thought has always clung to that name—the thought of fearless leadership in the Cause of Labor, economically organized. The Order of the K. of L. rose to hundreds of thousands of members in the land, eye to a million, and yet, despite the prestige that such numbers lend to the name of 'K. of L.', the name 'D. A. 49' always stood abreast and often ahead of that of 'K. of L.', even at the period of the Order's greatest power. The esteem, the respect, the awe in which the name 'D. A. 49' was held, the popular opinion that identified the name with integrity, were such that, despite the subsequent rolling over it of heavy clouds, even after the District had shriveled into nothingness and had gone down in disgrace along with the Order, the reputation seemed to have saved a fragment within the District and rendered it a nucleus out of which D. A. 49 was destined to be re-born and again to deserve by its conduct all the good opinion once attached to its name."

"Time was—unhappily that time lasted long—when 'Socialist' and 'Martyr' seemed synonymous in this country. The then Socialist seemed to be there only to be knocked down, with pathetic resignation he submitted to the rôle. It became traditional in the land that, in all conflicts of social principles in the camp of Labor, the Socialist was bound to turn up with lamblike meekness and, with the regularity of clockwork, get kicked. Whether the filling of such a 'mission' could redound to the benefit of Socialism or not, I shall not here discuss. Certain it is that the filling of such a 'mission' had to come to an end some time, if headway was at all to be made. A new leaf had to be turned over; that thing had to be the other thing,—with the Socialist on top (Applause). THAT NEW LEAF WAS TURNED IN BY D. A. 49 (Applause); and thereby a new era was opened in the country. "It was in the early nineties that, with the entrance of a few Socialists

(Continued on page 3.)



Uncle Sam & Brother Jonathan

Brother Jonathan—I have frequently heard you use the term "exchange value." Now, I wish you would remember that I am no college professor, but a plain workman. What does that term mean in English?

Uncle Sam—And before going further, I wish you to remember that one need not be a "college professor" to buckle down to the common-sense proposition, that if he wants to talk intelligently on a scientific question he must use and understand technical terms.

B. J.—But can't you use some other and plainer word?

U. S.—Could you not use some other word than "shuttle," or "woof," when you speak of spinning?

B. J.—Yes, I could, but it would be clumsy to do so, and then one might be misunderstood. If you say "shuttle" or "woof" you are understood without the peradventure of a mistake.

U. S.—And that is just why, when talking economics, every sensible man, from the most poetic, like Lassalle, down to the plainest, must use the term "exchange values" instead of some roundabout phrase.

B. J.—Well, let it be so. What does the thing mean?

U. S.—If you take thirty yards of your cloth to market and wished to exchange the cloth for wheat, would you not?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—Would you be willing to give all the thirty yards for one bushel of wheat?

B. J.—Are you crazy?

U. S.—Not yet. Would you?

B. J.—Not much, I would.

U. S.—Why not?

B. J.—Because my thirty yards of cloth are worth \$21, while a bushel of wheat is worth only 70 cents.

U. S.—That being the case, a yard of your cloth would be equal to one bushel of wheat?

B. J.—Just so; each is worth 70 cents.

U. S.—Now, then, the "exchange value" of one yard of your cloth is one bushel of wheat; and the exchange value of one bushel of wheat is one yard of your cloth. "Exchange value" means that quantity of value that goods have, and for which they may be exchanged.

B. J. (looking very surprised)—Now, that beats all I ever saw! The thing is so simple, I imagined it was some very profound thing, that "exchange value." I see, however, that there is nothing particular about it. I wonder why you and all Socialists talk so much about it.

U. S.—Because thereby hang all the profits and the law, so to speak.

B. J.—I can't imagine that.

U. S.—I'll show you. Why are you willing to exchange one yard of your cloth for one bushel of wheat, and thirty yards of your cloth for thirty bushels?

B. J.—Because they are worth the same thing?

U. S.—And why are they worth the same thing?

B. J.—Because—why—yes—because—why, don't you know?

U. S.—I do; but do you?

B. J.—Well—yes—because—why, of course—

U. S.—Don't flounder. Just because the quantity of labor present society needs to produce a bushel of wheat is the same as the quantity of labor present society needs to produce a yard of your cloth.

B. J.—Very well. What of it?

U. S.—A good deal. This is the pivot upon which the whole social question revolves.

B. J. (surprised)—You don't mean to say so?

U. S.—I do. Suppose some one starts a large farm and applies improved machinery, and is able to turn out two bushels of wheat in the time and with the labor that the farmer now turns out one bushel, would you be willing to continue to exchange one yard of your cloth for one bushel of wheat?

B. J. (with indignation)—Indeed, I would not!

U. S.—You would want—

B. J.—Every bit of two bushels.

U. S.—Do you realize why?

B. J.—Well, I guess, on the principle you just mentioned—the amount of labor society requires to produce one yard of your cloth is equal to the quantity of labor required to produce two bushels.

U. S.—Correct.—The exchange value of one yard has become equal to two bushels. And suppose the method of producing wheat were further perfected, and ten bushels were turned out in the same time that it formerly took to turn out one?

B. J. (beating his hands with glee)—That would be bully! I would then get ten bushels per yard of cloth. The exchange value of one yard of my cloth is equal to ten bushels.

U. S.—And if 100 bushels were turned out in the time it now takes to turn out one?

B. J.—Buller yet! I would get 100 bushels per yard; that would be the exchange value of one yard of my cloth.

U. S.—You are joyful before season. Don't you see whither that tends?

B. J.—No!

U. S.—Let us turn the tables around. Suppose some one starts weaving with a better machine than yours and turns out two yards in the time it takes you to turn out one, do you imagine the farmer would let you have a whole bushel of wheat for one yard of your cloth?

B. J.'s face begins to fall.

U. S.—Would he?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—How much will he let you have?

B. J.—Guess only half a bushel.

U. S.—Why?

B. J.—Because that has become the exchange value of his bushel of wheat.

U. S.—And suppose that competing weaver turns out ten yards with his machine while you are turning out only one, what would then be the exchange value of the goods of you and the farmer?

B. J.—One yard of my cloth would be worth one-tenth of a bushel.

U. S.—And if your competitor turned out 100 yards to your one?

B. J. (with a decidedly sad look on him)—I would starve.

U. S.—Why?

B. J.—Because one yard of my goods would be worth only one-hundredth bushel, and I could not then produce fast enough to keep me in food.

U. S.—Do you now see whither all that tends?

B. J.—I have an idea I do.

U. S.—Whither does it tend?

B. J.—It tends to my ruin.

U. S.—Let us state the case more pointedly: The law of exchange value

